

Sport Royal

By Anthony Hope.

A Great Romance of Court Intrigue and
Stirring Adventure.

Beautiful Hats That Go Into the Washtub,
Like Muslin Gowns, and Come Out Fresh and New.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Julius Jason fights a duel to save the honor of Prince Ferdinand of Glottenberg and to avenge a quarrel between the latter and his wife, the Princess. Jason fights under another name. Later the impostor is discovered.

CHAPTER III.

DUMERGUE was the first to break the silence. He turned fiercely on the man who claimed to be Col. Despard's brother-in-law and asked: "Pray, sir, was your interposition solicited?"

"Certainly not. But if this gentleman says he is Col. Despard, I take leave to contradict him."

"Do either or both of these gentlemen," said I, indicating the Baron and the Colonel's brother-in-law, "call me an impostor?"

"I do," said the Baron, with a sneering laugh.

"I am compelled to assert it," said the other, with a bow.

I had edged near the little table on which the Baron's coffee had been served. I now took up the coffee-pot and milk-jug. The coffee I threw in the Baron's face, and the milk in that of his ally. Both men sprang forward with an oath. At the same moment, the electric light went out, and I was violently pulled back toward the door, and some one whispered, "Vanish as quickly as you can. Go home—go anywhere."

"All right, sir," said I, for I recognized the Prince's voice. "But what are they doing?"

"Never mind; be off." And the Prince handed me a hat.

The next morning, as I was breakfasting, my man told me two gentlemen were below, and wished to see me. I told him to show them up and the Prince and Dumergue came in, the former wrapped up in a fur coat with a collar that hid most of his face.

"After you took leave of us we had an explanation," remarked the Prince. "Mr. Wetherington—it was Mr. Wetherington at whom you threw the milk—was very reasonable. I explained the whole matter, and he said he was sure his brother-in-law would pardon the liberty."

"We kicked the baron out as a blackmailer," said Dumergue. "He is going to bring an action."

"I return to Glottenberg to-day," concluded the Prince; "accompanied by the Princess and Monsieur Dumergue."

I thought this course very prudent, and said so.

"Well, there is one matter," said the Prince. "I had to tell the Princess of your indiscretion in taking Mme. Voight."

"Who, sir?"

"Mr. Jason," put in Dumergue. "has not heard that the Countess and Voight are married."

"Yes," said the Prince. "They are married, and will settle in America. Voight is a loss; but we can't have everything in this world."

"I hope Herr Voight will be happy," said I.

"I should think it very unlikely," said the Prince. "But, to return, the Princess is very angry with you. She insists that I should never be presented to her again."

"On the contrary, that you should meet and apologize in person. Only on condition of bringing you again could I make my peace for bringing you once."

I was very much surprised, but of course I said I was at the Princess's commands.

"You don't mind meeting us in Paris? We stay there a few days," said Dumergue.

"You see," added the Prince, "Dumergue says there are things called writs, and—"

"I will be in Paris to-morrow, sir." "I shall be there to-day," said the Prince, rising.

When I went to claim my audience

with the Princess at her Paris hotel the Prince was not visible, nor Dumergue either, and I was at once received by the Princess alone. She was looking smaller and more simple and helpless than ever. I also thought her looking prettier, and I enjoyed immensely the pious, severe, forgiving little rebuke which she administered to me. I humbly craved pardon, and had no difficulty in obtaining it. Indeed, she became very gracious.

"I wonder," she continued, "if you would do me a little service?"

"I shall be most honored if I may hope to be able to," said I. What did she want?

She blushed slightly, and, with a nervous laugh, said:

"It's only a short story. When I was a young girl, I was foolish enough. Mr. Jason, to fall in love—or, at least, to think I did. There was a young English attaché—I know I can rely upon your perfect discretion—at my father's court, and he—forget the difference between us. He was a man of rank, though. Well, I was foolish enough to accept from him a very valuable ring—quite a family heirloom. Of course I never wore it, but I took it. And when I married—"

She paused.

"Your royal highness had no opportunity of returning it?"

"Exactly. He had left the court. I didn't know where he was—and the post was not quite trustworthy."

"I understand perfectly."

"I saw in the papers the other day that he was married. Of course I can't keep it. His wife ought to have it—and dare not—I would prefer not to send it."

"I see. You would wish me—"

"To be my messenger. Will you?"

"Of course I assented. She went into an adjoining room and returned with a little morocco case. Opening it, she showed me a magnificent ruby set in an old gold ring of great beauty."

"Will you give it to him?" she said.

"Your royal highness has not told me his name."

"Lord Daynesborough. You will be able to find him."

"Oh, yes."

"And you will—you will be careful, Mr. Jason?"

"He shall have it safely in three days. Any message with it, madam?"

"No. Yes—just my best wishes for his happiness."

I bowed and prepared to withdraw.

"And you must come and tell me—"

"I will come and make my report."

"I do not know how to thank you—"

I kissed her hand and bowed myself out.

She followed me to the door, and whispered, as I opened it:

"I have not troubled the prince with the matter."

"Wives are so considerate," thought I, as I went downstairs.

On arriving in England, I made inquiries about Lord Daynesborough. I found that it was seven years since he had abruptly thrown up his post of attaché, without cause assigned. After some time, and then returned into society. Three months ago he had married Miss Dorothy Coddington, a noted beauty with whom he appeared much in love, and had just returned from his wedding tour and settled down for the season in Cannes street.

I had no difficulty in meeting the young lord. In spite of the times we live in, a Jason is still a welcome guest in most houses, and before long he and I were sitting side by side at Mrs. Coddington's table. The ladies had withdrawn, and we were about to raise them upstairs. Daynesborough was a frank, pleasant fellow, and scorned the affectation of his position. He was in the married state. In fact he seemed to take a fancy to me, and told me that he had not time to come and see him at home.

"Then," he said, "you will cease to distrust marriage, glad to come," I answered, "more especially as I want a talk with you."



FOR each and every one of her daily appearances the summer belle has her picture hat. For the mornings to wear with her plain tub frocks there are those little French roll brim sailors, with their simple trimmings. True, we have had the roll brim sailors before; but they did not enter into the picture class then.

Now, however, so cunningly and so clever has the summer belle taken her last year's real lace veil and draped it around the sides and the back of this same roll brim sailor that it immediately takes to itself new possibilities. The veil is either white or black, according to the hat, and it is daintily draped in reverse fashion; the part that formerly fell over and shaded the face's fair face now falls in the back and furnishes an artistic background for her piquant features.

And the very latest conceit, when the hat and the veil are in black, is to have tiny knots of velvet ribbon on the bandeau—for of course there must be a bandeau to give the shape the correct tilt—at the left side and resting upon the hair. This is in either the new parrot red or the parrot green, both vivid tints, and decidedly becoming to almost any complexion.

Then to wear with the slightly more elaborate toilets with which she distinguishes her luncheon engagements there are the fascinating "bebe" hats! These are fashioned with a low, spreading crown, sometimes upon the

Tam o' Shanter order. The brim is simply a succession of plaited and shirred lace-edged ruffles, posed one on the top of the other, until the whole mass looks like a reformed ballet skirt. But even in her extravagance—real or simulated—the summer belle has a streak of effective economy. To wear with her tub frocks she likewise has tub hats, and these, too, are of the lingerie order. They are just as carefully made as are her most expensive possessions in this line, and yet they can be put into the tub and washed just as her pocket handkerchiefs! Seems almost impossible, doesn't it?

The secret is that where the milliner uses wire for the hats that do not visit the cleansing tub of the laundress, in the tub hat she uses featherbone, and just the same embroideries that appear on her frocks and on her lingerie appear on her hat.

The only thing that does not go to the wash is the coquettish red or pink or yellow rose that she tucks so daintily underneath the brim, just where it will rest against her hair, and bring out

the delicate coloring of her cheeks to perfection.

Quite a few of the society girls who games one sees in almost every paper have taken on the millinery fad, and some of them have developed real talent for this fascinating work.

The new lyre-shaped plume is quite a feature on the imported models which, and for her the cost will be but trifling.

It is quite a fad to have a tub hat to match every tub gown, and to have the trimming laces or embroideries fashion the hat that matches. This is a needless expense, however, for one or at the most two of these should suffice. However, the girl who is clever with her fingers can fashion just as many of them as she chooses, for the frame can be made in the extreme.

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serve for picture hats for the summer belle. Like all novelties, however, the lyre plume is expensive, \$25 being a medium price. The girl who has some good specimens of the straight plume or a goodly bunch of long fine tips—the short flues will not do—can have these fashioned into a stunning double-ended lyre plume for a very small sum indeed.

She must bear in mind, though, that it takes a quantity of feathers to accomplish the desired double ends, but once achieved she has a possession that will enable her to have the most stylish-looking hat for a comparatively small outlay.

The leathorn hats are the newest thing in the picture hats, and the white crinoline straws are pushing them hard for first favor. With one of these faced underneath the brim with tucked

shirred chiffon, a ruffling of fancy ribbon falling over the edge, or perhaps a fall of lace, if she prefers it, and just the plume encircling the crown and the two ends falling in the back, she has a hat which no Fifth Avenue milliner or one from the Rue de la Paix, Paris—a street the very name of which brings to mind all that is fashionable in feminine wear—could furnish anything smarter.

There is no hard and fast rule as to the picture hats this year. They may be bent down over the face, they may be turned up at the sides, they may be turned up at one side after the fashion of the portraits of George Washington, or they may be turned up at one side after the fashion of the portraits of George Washington, or they may be turned up at one side after the fashion of the portraits of George Washington.

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Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

By ROY L. MCARDLE.

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HOW do I feel, you ask, Mr. Nagg? "What do you care how I feel? You are hardly in the house for ten minutes at a time. You don't care how I feel. Yes, I know you ask me, but that doesn't mean anything. It is easy enough to ask."

"Please don't put your feet on the window-sill! It looks so vulgar. And you know I don't want you to smoke in the front room, even if I have taken down the curtains. I detest the smell of tobacco smoke, and you know it!"

"No, I don't know where your slippers are! Do you think I have nothing to do but to pick up after you and to look after your things?"

"If you were not so careless, and if you put your things away, you would know where to find them. Go look for them yourself!"

"Please do not take off your collar. I think a man looks horrible without his collar and necktie. I don't care how hot the weather is, it is no excuse; you don't sit at my front window in sight of all the passers-by looking like a tough with no collar and necktie on!"

"You'll put your handkerchief inside your collar, then, you say?"

"You will do nothing of the kind! I hate that worse than I hate to see a man with no collar on at all. Fat men have that horrid fashion of stuffing a handkerchief inside their collar. It is a thing I will not permit!"

"No, I haven't any more fans except this one! It is one they gave away at the Big Bargain Bazaar, as you can notice."

"Why don't you go to the Big Bargain Bazaar and get a fan for yourself?"

self? They are giving them away, and the head floorwalker there is so obliging that it is a pleasure to shop there! "Please don't perspire so, Mr. Nagg! You make me warm to look at you!"

"Oh, it is so warm. No, don't take off your coat, anybody passing can see you!"

"You will take it off, and you don't care who sees you?"

"Oh, I might have known that! I make one little request of you and you fly into a rage and take off your coat and act and look like a ruffian just because I asked you to keep your coat on!"

"Oh, don't mind me! I am only your wife! But I will not stand it! I don't care how hot you are, you can't take off your coat!"

"Yes, I am in my shirt waist, but a lady in a shirt waist and a man in his shirt sleeves are vastly different!"

"There he goes, flying out of the house into the hot sun and into the corner saloon to guzzle beer, and here I have been crying my best to make him comfortable in his own home! But what does he care for that?"

LEARNED THE LESSON.

A little girl who made frequent use of the word "guess" was one day reproved for it by her teacher, who said: "Don't say 'guess,' Mary, say 'presume.'"

A few days later one of Mary's friends, coming up to her, remarked: "I think your cape is very pretty, and my mother wants your mother to lend her the pattern, because she is going to make me one like it."

The Upside Down Ballet Isn't Downside Up.



Opera Singers in Hammerstein's Parsifal.

THE upside down ballet of opera singers in "Parsifal," at the Paradise Roof Gardens, has caused a great deal of disturbance among the chorus girls. It is needless to say that the costumes worn in the dance are exceedingly warm, and the weather lately has been of a quality to add to the temperature of the costumes. Several of the young women have protested and have asked Manager Hammerstein to substitute other girls in their places. But as the figures have to be a uniform height it

is difficult to make any changes in the first selection of eight tall girls, so it must remain as it is, and the "upside-downness" must continue to swell. When the young women make their entrance they are apparently walking on their hands. In reality, they are standing in the ordinary upright posture. The illusion is brought about by having them wear "property hands" made of flesh-colored cloth attached to their feet. Paper mache legs worn on their arms, which are held above their heads, add to the realism of the "upside down," and not until the conclusion of the ballet, when each girl thrusts her head through the costume, thus betraying the ruse, is the audience aware how it is accomplished. Painted across each of the costumes is a sign bearing the name of a famous opera singer, for the ballet is part of the plot of "Parsifal," in which Wagner Corried's difficulties as an operatic improviser are burlesqued, and the "upside down" are supposed to represent the famous opera singers who appear to Herr Corried in this fashion during a trance into which he is thrown by the Goddess Mus.

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